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"Strike Me Still"

From the English "War Cry."

He had been drinking heavily for a fortnight, and had spent August Bank Holiday especially in improper carousing, and the master and Allen Barnden's dinner-hour-mile reading were now the subjects of his sighs and curses.

"If it rains devils we shall have to work or go without food," he grumbled with oath.

The six-months-old Salvationist workmate continued: gentle barnden, and was savagely answered.

"I believe in neither God nor devil. If there is a God, I hope He will soon strike me stiff."

A brief silence.

"God is not needed."

Only a few minutes afterwards the quarry-men were startled by a noise overhead—the side of the whale-dolph had given way; and almost instantaneously the expresser of the terrible "hope" was ample of yester buried beneath two or three hundred weight of cold rock.

Some atoms only harmlessly reached God's servant.

Pack-rushed the man who had died for their lives, and soon they uncovered the crushed, bleeding head of the man upon whom God's sure vengeance had so suddenly fallen.

"Pull him up," he moaned, and then relapsed into unconsciousness, which he soon after became dead.

As quickly as possible they removed the enormous pieces of stone that had broken his back and then, to their horror, they discovered that one leg was entirely severed at the thigh.

"They had just enough time to move the mangled man, and get clear away, when between thirty and forty tons fell. Scoffer, beware!

Well might Allen Barnden, while gazing upon his workmate's corpus, mutter again and again, "Thank God, I'm saved." Had he not been a similar creature?

His good old widowed mother had brought him up to attend the Wesleyan Church and Sunday-school and had rejoiced when we became a class-member and tract-distributor; but, oh, there's a "trade"—a what?—a curse in England that has blighted many bright young men and women, both before and since its fatal

spell first fell on Allen. When eighteen years of age, he was told he ought to join a sick club, and he himself felt he would much like to, but, being a teetotaler, he hesitated to connect himself with the only ones near home, seeing that its meetings were held at the pub. What an awful knock the devil has of using "provident" societies to lead his victims to improvidence.

"If I belong to the club, and go to the saloon to pay my subscriptions, I need not say anything there," thought Allen, and so he joined the club that night.

At first he came out as soon as he had paid his "subs," but after a while he made use even to the bar, and would stay to chat a bit with respectable moderate-drinkers.

"Having something, lad," they would say, and so for sociability's sake he commenced

that if he did not yield to God his condition would wax worse and worse.

All efforts for his reclamation seemed useless, and at last, after bearing long indignities, his mother, as a last resource, hoping to make him feel his lost condition, turned him out when he was twenty-four years of age.

His career then became a terrible one indeed; in low boarding-houses he was schooled in the profound wickedness.

Sometimes he did not have their shelter, and lay out all night, yet used to be

awakened with rage, and often had his hair stiff with frost.

Between Warrington and Buncrana, he was

London as well as the provinces. He especially remembers and mentions those of Leeds I, and Halifax L. Many a deep sigh and weeping broke through all restraints on those occasions, and often he longed to be restored to righteousness, but he felt he could not be a Christian in the lodging-houses, which were the only shelters he could hope for, therefore he remained in the vine of sin and sank deeper and deeper!

Back to Halifax he wandered, and obtaining work, put up at one of the lowest of the Sunday-schools.

Thank God! I was frequently visited by Salvationists, who in accordance with promises they extracted from him, he commenced to attend the No. 1 barracks in Stead Street.

For eight months he remained most of his nights there, and was thus kept from the saloon and prison and was possessed with growing desire, and moreover, hopes for salvation. Thank God, on the 20th of February last, these gave birth to reparation and, after that, salvation.

Now the penitentiform that Thursday night he went to his boarding-house determined to confess Christ. The crowd of men were much astonished when he walked into their midst and informed them that he had just come from the Army, a pantulant from and was in future going to serve God, who had forgiven all his sins. They laughed loudly and said that bit of excitement would soon wear off.

Down on his knees went Allen before he got into his bed, in the amusement of the five others in the room. The sounds of their chattering made him bolder, however, and he prayed aloud and earnestly, an experience the room had most probably never known before. Pillows and other missiles less harmless were thrown at him, but with his soul full of joy he cared not.

Soon of the men who had been designed to accompany him to the mission on his promising to testify, and his conversion has not been without effect upon those who were formerly his chums; for from it

"Stick to the Army, lad," many of them now say, glad, after all, to see him still true to the profession of six months ago. "Are you in bondage of any sort? There's freedom for you,

DISBELIEF IN GOD AND ETERNITY SHATTERED.

with lemonades, etc., and after a while even "sopped" them with the addition of a little — split. Unmixed as soon followed.

IN STRICT MODERATION, OF COURSE.

but, ah! it's that that breeds the drink fever, and—poor Allen caught it.

Things became very serious; his poor grief-stricken mother begged and implored him to return to the way of soberity; his class-leader and other deserted Wesleyan friends hung on to him, with prayers and entreaties warning him

once glad of the accommodation afforded by an unslid water-pipe, which had been placed temporarily by the roadside.

A policeman, who discovered him under a hedge outside Bradford, astonished him with kindly words and a gift of ten cents to pay for a night's do in the town.

OF COURSE HE BECAME A JAIL-BIRD,

and between June 1st, 1880, and March 17th, 1887, he served five sentences, three of which were months, in Wakefield.

In the course of his tramping he has

listened outside many Army rings, in



Thou Art Enough.

BY J. B. STRICKLAND.

TUNE—Take all my sins away.

LAMB of God, I come to Thee,
For Thou alone canst set me free,
And give my soul that liberty
Which freedom is indeed.

CHORUS.

Thou art enough for me,
Thou art enough for me;
I trust alone in Thy great name,
Thou art enough for me.

DEAR SISTER AT THE CROSS, I now,
Arriving here, I trust, allow
Others to take those who allow,
Because I trust in Thee.

BRITISH SAILOR.—I trust, my love,
That brought Thee here, from above,
My stubborn heart at last to move
In simple gratitude.

MY life to Thee I have present,
With every power's full consent;
In Thy service shall be spent,
No longer mine, but Thine.

SILENT BATTLES.

Silent battles, you say!

We always held an idea that as a matter of course every battle must always be attended with a great deal of noise and confusion, and we fail to see how a battle could be fought, how two mighty powers could be engaged in deadly combat without being accompanied by a tremendous tumult.

Ah! you mistake our meaning. We speak of other battles; spiritual conflicts between mighty powers, and no last doubt than those which worldly armies engage in, are not unattended with the roll of drums, the trumpet of war, or the boom of cannon. At these silent engagements are sometimes won victories, before which the victories of Waterloo, and others of the kind, pale into insignificance.

Come with me, I will take you to the scene of two of these engagements. To witness the first you must needs go with me, and that is Anti-slavery.

The soldiers here are in off the march, and as the Captain is going on the opening song, two young men take a seat near where we are sitting.

Joe, a tall, athletic, and active boy, has not been to an Army meeting, but is the soldier's peculiar mode of dress and their queer mode of proceeding seems to cause these considerable amusements.

This meeting proceeds; one after another of the soldiers stand up, and with faces beaming with joy, tell how they have been rescued from lives of sin, and as they pour out their souls in gratitude to Him who did it, their eyes shall have the smile and expression of contentedness.

As they have not been to an Army meeting, and as someone speaks of a meeting going before the tears start to flow, one of them, his head draped in his hands, leaves his eyes with his deathbed smile; 'Tis, the silent battle has begun.

Let us watch the fray. The invitation is given for anxious souls to come forward. The Captain of God prompts him to come out on the Lord's side. 'The devil says, "Don't go." He yields to his persuasion, leaves the hall, crawled away.

While he leaves the hall the battle of his soul is raging. He goes to his home, but not to rest, for the conflict in his soul will give him no peace.

He fails as though it was his sins alone that nailed the Saviour to the cross; he fails, as if it was only for him that He suffered and died, and the thought of loved ones, and of all that was dear to him, and over and over again, the testimonies of the soldiers ring in his ears till in very agony of soul he cries out, 'Oh, that I was right with God.'

He fails, as though it was his sins alone that failed him in the moment of his greatest need.

The boom of cannon is not heard—
it is silent, yet the struggle is desperate. Men, women, and children, all are here, and come, and still no sign of victory on either side. Night comes. Again we sit in the barracks. The meeting is almost closing, the invitation song is being sung, and the last hymn is a critical moment. Which shall triumph?

See! I is rising from his seat; he makes his way to the Cross. The conflict is past, the victory won by Jehovah. Glory to God! Silently, was the 'battle' fought? No, it was a silent conflict.

We are to come to the scene of another silent battle.

'The time it takes place in the heart of a soldier—corporal.'

She has a soldier's child, and

she loves him.

Quickly comes the proposal, and she addresses it silently and sadly.

'Aren't you converted, dear?'

'Oh, no, no,' is the measured reply.

'Then we go, uprooting the little tree growing on, at the foot of the hill, that God has planted for us; we go, and leave him, and as yet she is not willing to obey.'

Silently, day by day, the warfare continues.

The thoughts of going among strangers are to her as the thoughts of leaving home and friends; she loves him, and it is turned into pride for a lost soul.

Victor and Victor, hear the noise of the shadow of the Cross weeping, pleading with our Jesus to help, to save.'

'Yes, we'll do all we can to save.'

'Praise God! But will it end there?' Where is she, we wonder dimly. Lord Jesus, that touches Thy Kingdom, will she stand by us? Will she stand by us? Will she stand by us? Will she stand by us?

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'Follow where I lead, and I will make you fathers of men,' her heart yearns to be away doing as little as a little to help others, and she is not willing to obey.

'Yes, we'll do all

VERY IMPORTANT.

OFFICIAL NOTICE.

All correspondence from this date concerning Salvation Army business, must be addressed to Commissions Adams. All Cash Remittances, Checks, Postal Orders, for Wan Arts, Goods, Books, etc., must be made payable to

T. H. ADAMS,

TREASURER.

M.D. This is very important!

SONGS

Composed Expressly for the WAR CRY.

1 A Song of Praise.

(This is a real good Anniversary song. Sing it up.)

TUNE: "Gird on the armor."

2 Thy wondrous works we see.

Thanks, O God, we bring to Thee.

For thy great Army; Army;

It has brought such joy and peace;

Thanks to Thee shall never cease.

For raising Thy Salvation Army,

etc.

"Hallelujah! Glory to God!"

For all the world, and all the world,

With new faith, will onward go.

Driving back our every foe,

For God and the Salvation Army.

We were wretched sinners all,

Tightly bound in Satan's shawl,

In the arms of the Salvation Army,

But it sold us out,

And it led us into light.

Thank God for the Salvation Army

When we came with all our sin,

Then didn't freely take us in,

As told by the Salvation Army;

And that others, too, may know

That we have sin from sin and woe,

We fight for the Salvation Army.

We are Christians for the way.

Our fight lead us on the way.

We fight in the Salvation Army;

And until Thy summons comes,

We will march behind the drums

And flag of Thy Salvation Army.

Sgt.-Capt. MARSHALL, Eng.

